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Also 15 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds
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McCALL COMPANY, 230 N. 2nd St. NEW YORK

History of
A Handbag

By Ella Randall Pearce

"I'll take this one," said Bruce Bowie, lifting a handbag from the counter where a dozen or more were laid out for inspection. "Can you put it in a box for me?"

"Sure," smiled the obliging saleswoman, for young Bowie was good to look upon and his voice rang pleasantly. He was looking abstractedly over the top of her elaborate blonde coiffure, however; so she switched down a white pasteboard box, dropped the handbag within, and, snapping on the cover, passed it up to the wrapper at the end of the counter.

As soon as he had received his package, Bruce hastened away, unconscious of the following glances of the pretty and somewhat nettled young saleswoman.

"He's got a sweetheart and that's a present for her," mentally commented the girl behind the counter; and as the broad shoulders and erect dark head of her late customer disappeared in the crowd, she became conscious of a high, agitated voice being directed at her across her wares.

"Miss, have you seen anything of my hand-bag? I left it here a few moments ago."

The saleswoman swept a hurried glance over the assortment of bags before her; then her face crimsoned. She made a pretense of looking over the goods, and her heart beat wildly as she considered the possible consequences of her own inattention.

"Your bag—Isn't here," she faltered. "I—I don't know anything about it. Better make a complaint at the desk, and leave your name."

Meanwhile, as the agitated saleswoman suspected, young Bowie was carrying off the property. The first intimation he had of the truth, was in a telephone call from his married sister, ten minutes after she had received a package delivered by a messenger on the morning of her birthday.

"Bruce, is this you? What does it mean—that bag you sent me?"

"What's the matter—don't you like it? You wanted one of those Japanese things on a cord, so I bought—"

"Bought? Why, Bruce, it isn't a new bag at all. It's somebody's—don't you understand?"

"What!" shouted Bruce. Then, "Nathalie, you must be mistaken. I just



"Can you put it in a box for me?"

bought it down town. Took it off the counter myself—girl put it in a box. How could it be anybody's?"

"I don't know how it happened," called back Nathalie. "But it's got papers in—and smelling salts—and a lovely picture, a girl's picture—and some money. Shall I send it back to your office? O, you dear, of course I know you'll make it all right with me. Get one as near like it as you can—and an empty one this time."

Nathalie's laugh rang merrily over the wire, and Bruce was smiling as he hung up the receiver; but his brows drew together in a perplexed frown as he opened the hand-bag half an hour later and looked over the contents.

The papers were important legal documents of some kind—and there was a letter addressed to "Miss Rita Carlton." On the back of the picture which Nathalie had designated as "lovely" was written in a girlish hand, "With fondest love of Rita."

Bruce looked at the pictured face long and earnestly. Something in the wide, dark eyes serious under their level brows, and in the contradictory curve of the mouth lips fascinated him. The hair was parted and rippled low over the serene brow, and a pair of graceful shoulders rose out of folds of material fastened by a single rose.

The young man laid down the photograph, then picked it up again, seeking to analyze the particular charm it seemed to possess for him. Was it in the eyes, deep, appealing and honest? Was it in the smiling, saucy lips—or in the fine poise of the slender throat, above the delicate, sloping shoulders?

"By Jove! It is a lovely face. Rita—the name suits her. If I were to meet a girl like this, and she looked at me with such eyes, and smiled at me with those lips—well, Miss Rita Carlton, I'm glad I stole your hand-bag—for something tells me it is yours—and now I shall see you."

Nathalie had expected that her brother would go at once to the store where he had made his unusual pur-

chase, and, having returned the bag, make another selection in honor of the day. Forgetful of natal days and promised favors, however, Bruce Bowie waited until he had finished his work at the office, and then made his way to a certain address corresponding with the one written on the letter in the hand-bag.

Miss Rita Carlton was at home, he learned, and the elevator speedily brought him to the door of her apartment. With no little trepidation, he found himself ushered into a tiny reception room, all green and gold, with a great cluster of crimson roses glowing on the center table, and dim lights twinkling from the shaded sconces. A swishing of soft silken skirts announced Miss Carlton's coming, and Bruce turned with a scarcely concealed eagerness. Would she appear as lovely as her photograph?

For an instant, his heart seemed to cease beating, and a strange chill swept over him. A dignified little woman, pale, gray-haired, with bright black eyes sunken beneath straight brows was standing before him.

"You wished to see me?" asked Miss Carlton, in thin, polite tones.

"I—yes—that is," Bruce pulled himself together. "I called to see Miss Rita Carlton."

"That is my name."

"Then, I think I have your property here in this box. A hand-bag—"

"Oh, how fortunate! Let me see. I am indeed glad, Mr.—"

"My name is Bruce Bowie."

"Oh, Mr. Bowie, how can I thank you? You see some of these things are valuable. How did it fall in your hands, I wonder?"

Bruce told his story while she looked over her papers.

"Yes, they are all right—but where is my picture? Why, I was sure I had that picture in it—but perhaps—now, I might have left it somewhere. You didn't see a picture—but of course not. Well, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure, Mr. Bowie. Good-day."

Bruce descended in the elevator with his spirits fallen to zero. The picture—the lovely face that had enthralled him, was that of an old-time beauty, now faded and lined by the relentless hand of time. Only the dark eyes shining out of the white elderly face spoke of the loveliness that had graced the youth of Miss Rita Carlton.

The young man was surprised at the shock of his own disappointment, the bitterness of the mood which had taken possession of him. He stood irresolute in the doorway of the building with a feeling that somehow life had suddenly grown gray and empty. There was nothing that he could think of that he wished to do; no place where he cared to go. A strange apathy seemed to have fallen upon him, and robbed him of all desire and ambition.

As he stood there, the front door opened and a blast of chill evening air rushed in and made him shiver. Then he felt the blood coursing warmly and wildly through his veins. There, before him, like an apparition of the past, stood "Rita," young, beautiful, blooming, with her dusky eyes staring childishly at him, and her soft scarlet lips parted. They both stood silently gazing into each other's eyes for a full moment; then Bruce realized that she was waiting for him to step aside and allow her to pass.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Rita," he said gently.

She walked slowly toward the elevator and looked back as she was carried aloft. The young man stood just within the door, his hat in his hand and his upraised eyes solemn and shining. Her own wondering, intent gaze held his until the car bore her out of sight.

Four days later, Bruce Bowie, through the courtesy of a mutual friend who was discovered after an arduous campaign among his acquaintances in town, was presented formally to Miss Rita Carlton and her charming niece and namesake who was visiting her for the winter season. Four months later, young Rita was betrothed to young Bowie; and on the day of her marriage, early in the following May, the elder Miss Carlton presented her with a hand-bag—the one which had brought about the romantic turn of affairs.

"I know you will prize this for its associations, Rita," she said. "And inside I have put a part of the legacy which was to have been yours some day."

Bruce placed a fond arm around the girl.

"Dear lady," he answered tenderly, "we appreciate your goodness—both of us—but nothing that bag can ever hold will be as valuable to me as the article I now confess to having stolen from it—this."

Slipping his hand in an inside pocket, he drew out the treasure which had never left his possession since he first saw it—Rita's photograph.

"Now, that I have the original," he said, "you may have your picture back again, dear Aunt Rita!"

Forgot the Fringe.

His chief characteristics to the casual observer were an assertively pompous manner and an assertively bald head. For about an hour he had monopolized the conversation around the club fireplace by the recital of the struggle that had raised him from poverty in youth to affluence in mature manhood.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued proudly, "I am a self-made man."

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PRINCESS
THEATRE
A GOOD PLACE TO GO

When you come to town
bring the family and let
them see the show.

Matinee Daily 2 O'clock to 5:20
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Admission - - - - 10 Cts
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NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Made! Shown! Ready! Re-
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for \$2.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for
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UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 78, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in Hopkinsville by the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.
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For Women Who Care

Of course you use an antiseptic in your
family and in the care of your own per-
son, and you want the best.

Instead of what you have been using
such as liquid or tablet antiseptics or
peroxide, won't you please try Paxtine,
a concentrated antiseptic powder to be
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Paxtine is more economical, more
cleansing, more germicidal and more
healing than anything you ever used.

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In the toilet—to cleanse and whiten
the teeth, remove tartar and prevent
decay. To disinfect the mouth, destroy
disease germs, and purify the breath.
To keep artificial teeth and bridgework
clean and odorless. To remove nicotine
from the teeth and purify the breath
after smoking. To eradicate perspiration
odors by sponge bathing.

As a medicinal agent for local
treatment of feminine ills where pelvic
catarrh, inflammation and ulceration
exist, nothing equals hot douches of
Paxtine. For ten years the Lydia E.
Pinkham Med. Co. has been regularly
advising their patients to use it because
of its extraordinary cleansing, healing
and germicidal power. For this purpose
alone Paxtine is worth its weight
in gold. Also for nasal catarrh, sore
throat, inflamed eyes, cuts and wounds.
All druggists, 25 and 50 cents a box.
Trial box and testimony of 31
women free on request.
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

TEACH HORSE TO KNOW VOICE

Animal Likes the Sociability of It and
Will Learn Many Words, Ac-
cording to Authorities.

Talk to your horse and teach him
to obey your voice as well as the
reins, advises a writer in the Spirit
of the West. This may prove valuable
if, as sometimes happens, the
lines break or become unbuckled.
Besides, the horse likes the sociabil-
ity of it. He easily learns a dozen
or more words, but be careful to use
them only for exactly what you mean.
For instance, "whoa" means to stop
at once and stand perfectly still;
"get up" to go straight ahead and at
once; "back" to step backward;
"easy" or "steady" to slow up.

These words the horse readily
learns and takes kindly to. "Walk"
means to change at once to a walk;
and "all right," spoken in a calm,
reassuring tone, means "don't be
afraid, that won't hurt you," and it
is wonderful to see what a calming
effect it has. Speak firmly, but not
sharply to the horses, for they are
nervous creatures. Talking to your
horse will make him more intelligent
and more friendly.

SALESMAN HAS GOOD THING

Though the Nature of His Wares Was
Not at First Understood, He
Is Doing Well.

An enterprising typewriter sales-
man who is "drummer" for a ma-
chine that can be easily carried
about—his friends call it "a coffee
grinder," its so compact—recently
hit upon a scheme for introducing
it into private houses, where sales
are hard to make. He shipped one
hundred of the little typewriters to
as many houses along Fifth avenue
and the high-class residence streets
adjoining. His first "come back"
was a letter from a Fifth avenue
woman, who advised him to "be more
careful," as he had given the house-
hold "a terrible shock," because ev-
erybody, from the mistress to the
kitchen maid, feared "the queer look-
ing box contained a bomb," and they
were about to immerse the whole
thing in a laundry tub when a gro-
cer's boy told them what it was.
However, she inclosed a check for
"the queer looking box," and the
salesman is now plainly marking all
his samples.—New York Tribune.

MADE FORTUNE IN MUSKRATS.

Having paid for a fine farm near
Milton by the trapping of muskrats,
Mrs. James Jones has so fallen in
love with the work that she finds it
impossible to give it up. Thus far
this season she has broken all her
previous records for the number of
muskrats trapped.

Mrs. Jones is not only a trapper
of muskrats but is an expert rifle
shot and occasionally kills an otter,
a mink, an opossum or a raccoon. In
five years the efforts of the woman
have resulted in the purchase of a
nearby farm which she and her fam-
ily now occupy.—Milton Letter to
the Philadelphia Press.

MACBETH AND SUMURUN.

"I perfectly adore Shakespeare's
plays," announced Miss Marvel, who
had been volubly discoursing on the
theaters to an entranced acquaintance.
"Now, 'Macbeth'—to my
mind, that's Shakespeare's greatest
masterpiece. I've seen it eight times.
It's perfectly wonderful. But I think
they make a mistake in the way they
present it. Now, the way I'd like
to see that play done would be to
have the most simple stage setting,
and then give it the way 'Sumurun'
is given—without words, you know.
It would be fine. And I believe it
would take, too."

TOO REALISTIC.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a
nice hall rug why don't you get one
of those tiger skins with the real
head on it?

Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use
one of those things in my hall. You
don't know how imaginative my
husband is every time he comes home
late.

SOCIETY WHIRL.

"Dear, can you help me to receive
next Friday?"

"Sorry, love, but I'm on picket
duty, with the shirt waist strikers."

BACK TO THE SOIL.

"Don't you like to get close to na-
ture sometimes?"

"Sure! I'm very fond of these
palm rooms."

Hopkinsville Market
Quotations.

Corrected March 16, 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean,
12½c per pound.
Country bacon, 12½c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 10c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$1.60 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes,
\$1.60 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per
bushel.
Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per
bushel.
Cabbage, 4 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 12½c per
pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per
pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per
pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c
per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 35c per doz
Choice lots fresh, well-worked
country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz
New York State apples \$5.00 to
\$6.00 per barrel

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks,
3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per
pound

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to
butchers and farmers:
Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb
Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c
Tallow—No. 1, 4½, No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear
Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed
23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed
18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c;
dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c;
gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck,
22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations
are for Kentucky hides. Southern
green hides 8c. We quote assorted
lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 bet-
ter demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for
choice lots, live 5½

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per
dozen

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring
chickens, and choice lots of fresh
country butter

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$25 00
No. 1 timothy hay, \$26 00
Choice clover hay, \$22 00
No. 1 clover hay, \$22 00
Clean, bright straw hay, \$8.00
Alfalfa hay, \$22 00
White seed oats, 68c
Black seed oats, 68c
Mixed seed oats, 68c
No. 2 white corn, 70c
No. 2 mixed corn, 68c
Winter wheat bran, \$28.00
Chops, \$4.00.

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of well-printed
neat-appearing
stationery as a
means of getting and
holding desirable busi-
ness has been amply
demonstrated. Consult
us before going
elsewhere

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